Dumb Feelings (Richie Tozier x Reader)

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Richie admits to the Losers he has a crush on you.

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Author's Note:

> Based on a post I read on Tumblr sorry if anybody wrote this already.

You were casually sitting in your boring math class, out of the corner of your eye you could see Richie Toizer, who had one hand on his chin just staring as you in almost utter amazement.

Realizing what he was doing, you could ser a blush appear on his cheeks while he mumbled a swear and shifted his eyes away from you. Though, you could still feel his stare on the back of your neck, turning yourself around. The bell rang as you saw Richie heading out to the lockers.

"That was so smooth, Richie. You're so obvious, you know that?" Stan teased, following him to the lockers.

"Shut the fuck up, Stan." Richie mumbled, looking up as he saw you slam your locker shut and walking away as what it seemed like Henry Bowers was attempting to mess with you.

You headed into their direction "Hey Stan, Richie." You greeted, smiling gently at both of them, while Richie just stared at you wide-eyed, as if you said something completely obscure.

"Hey Y/N, what's up?" Stan smiled as politely as possible, glancing at Richie, who still had a blank stare planted on his face, awestrucked that you're actually talking to him.

"Nothing much really. Students here can be quite assholes, you know?" You said, glancing at Henry, as he seemed to be hanging out with his stupid ass 'gang.'

Stan responded by nodding his head. Richie stood there dumbfounded still. "Well, I'll talk to you guys later. See you." You said, vanishing off into a different direction to your next class.

"They.. know my name?" Richie questioned, rubbing the back of his

neck.

"No shit, dumbass. We have them in math class, they literally sit right in front of you." Stan scoffed, rolling his eyes.

Almost on cue, Beverly and Bill walk nearby the lockers "So, I think someone has a bit of a crush on Y/N. You're always staring at them and you're blushing it's super obvious." Beverly said grinning, as everyone in the Losers club looked at Richie in sync.

Richie's cheeks begin to heat up as soon as Beverly stated that "Okay okay fine, assholes. I have some dumb fucking feelings for them. Is that what you wanted to hear?" Richie confessed, covering his face with his hands desperately trying to hide his blush.

"You owe me five dollars, Bill." Eddie whispered under his breathe "God-- god dammit." Bill responded back quietly but unfortunately Richie could still hear it.

"You fuckers bet if I would confess to you guys on the first time? What a bunch of dumbasses." Richie scolded, crossing his arms.

"Listen man, let's face it you're too much of a pussy to tell your real feelings for this person yourself." Eddie spoke up, Richie instantly sprung up to Eddie.

"Hey! Listen here I'm not a fucking pussy! I can handle this myself." Richie stated, as soft chuckles came from the rest of the Losers.

"Sure you can. Here I got an idea why don't you write them cute little notes and put them in their locker?" Beverly suggested, grinning a bit at Richie.

"Notes? What the hell are we in Elementary school, Bev? I guess I could give it a shot though." Richie responded, grabbing a wadded up piece of paper from his pocket writing onto the lockers.

"P-Put it in t-their locker in the middle of class so they won't know it's from you." Bill advised, smiling gently as possible.

"No shit. You think I didn't know that? Jeez, Bill." Richie scoffed, reading over the note slowly putting it back into his pocket.

"J-Just helping o-out you don't have to be a dick all the sudden." Bill commented back, as his smile slowly disappeared.

The bell rung for next classes to begin, the whole Losers Club began to head off except for Richie, thinking this was his chance to put the note in their locker "I can be late, it's not like this isn't the first time." Richie mumbled, making his way to your locker.

"Hey Rich, what do you think you're doing by my locker?" You questioned, suddenly coming up behind Richie as he placed the note inside your locker.

Richie stood there completely dumbfounded for a second Oh fuck, Y/N. This isn't Eddie's locker? I could of swore it was.." Richie gulped, staring wide eyed at you again.

"No Richie, it's mine. I'll tell you what, if you find a dorky, curly haired, glasses wearing trashmouth who I'd love to go on a date with set me up." You suggested, grabbing his hand lightly placing a kiss to the corner of his mouth.

Richie stood there dazed for a second shaking his head to release himself from the trance "Hey! I'm not a dork! I'll see you later on, sweetheart." Richie said, giving you one of those adorable smiles which you adored before heading off. You couldn't believe you had a date with Richie Tozier.